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NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.

BAKER'S EDITION OF PLAYS.

Miss Prim's Kindergarten

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THE AMAZONS Farce in Three Acts. Seven males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, not difficult. Plays a full evening.

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Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

Miss Prim's Kindergarten

or

A School of To-Day

An Entertainment in One Scene

By JESSIE A. KELLEY

Author of "The Pedlers' Parade," "Squire Judkin's Apple Bee," "Santa's Surprise," etc.

BOSTON

WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

Miss Prim's Kindergarten

CHARACTERS

Boys	*Girls*
Reginald Smith.	Viola Browne.
Cecil Blake.	Alyce Howard.
Earl Stryker.	Mae Faulkner.
Duke McNulty.	Kathryn Dennison.
Van Dyke McAllister.	Hazel Carbury.
James Danforth.	Genevieve Hubbard (*lisps*).
Lionel Boldwood.	Gladys Martin.
Ethelbert Salmon.	Hyacinth Myrtle.
Julian Ward (*stutterer*).	Marianne Rutledge.
Carl Schultz (*German*).	Gwendolyn Hollister (*spectacles, precise and serious*).

Miss Priscilla Prim, *the Teacher.*

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NOTES

The entertainment as given requires ten men and ten women although either more or less could take the parts if desired. The parts are all very easy except the teacher's and, although she should be familiar with her part, she could readily have the book on her desk, or inside of another book in her hand, to follow the program along. In writing on board see that all characters are large enough to be seen by the audience. There may be some mischief but it must be done quietly or there will be confusion and the audience will be unable to hear the lessons. Kindergarten objects may be given the pupils for busy work if desired. No scenery or curtain is necessary. The teacher could have a desk at one side of the platform, pupils may sit in small chairs without desk.

COSTUMES

The costumes should be very childish, some of the men wearing Lord Fauntleroy suits, with the wide embroidered collar and cuffs, large bow tie, curls, others could wear the Russian suits and some the pinafores buttoned in back, with string ties. Ethelbert should have a large patch of bright red on his pants, Carl, rather stout, dressed in German fashion, square hair-cut. For the women any simple, childish dress or ties could be used and the hair should be dressed in the prevailing styles for little girls.

SONGS AND JOKES

The songs suggested may be found in the book entitled "Games With Music" by Lois Bates. Any simple kindergarten songs may be substituted and books containing them may be found in almost any public library. More songs, recitations or drills could be introduced if a still longer entertainment is wanted and parents could visit the latter part of the session, each one telling of the wonderful smartness of her child. The jokes should be given slowly and it is wise many times to repeat that all may see the point. Many good jokes are spoiled by poor telling. Use local names and make local hits whenever possible. Give the audience time to laugh before proceeding.

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Miss Prim's Kindergarten

SCENE.—*Of no importance.* TEACHER *enters, removes wraps, then busies herself preparing work for children. Children straggle in by ones and twos each with diminutive lunch basket. A number of children may come through the audience, some playing marbles, jumping rope, boys fighting, girls with arms around one another boys teasing girls, etc. One child gives* TEACHER *a pretzel, another two or three dirty pieces of candy, another an apple, flowers, etc. One boy takes a bottle from* TEACHER'S *desk, smells of it, then slyly puts some on his hair and places cap on head again. Boy comes in crying.*

TEACHER. Why are you crying, Reginald?

REGINALD. Some of the boys made me kiss—boo-hoo-hoo—a little girl—boo-hoo—out in the yard.

TEACHER. That was outrageous. Why didn't you come right to me?

REG. I—I—I—didn't know—boo-hoo—that you would l-l-let—boo-hoo—me kiss you.

(*Bell rings.*)

TEACHER. Good-morning, children.

ALL. Good-morning, teacher.

TEACHER. Let us sing our morning song, "Washing One's Self." I want to hear every sweet, little voice this morning.

CHO. ("*Washing One's Self.*" *Put in all the motions.*)

CONCERT RECITATION.

Are you a careful child
Whose hands are white and clean (*hold up hands,*)
Or on your fingers can
Black marks be always seen? (*Points to fingers*).
Oh, yes, to keep them clean,
We all must surely try,
For if we do not now
'Twill be harder by and by.

TEACHER. How should our finger-nails be always kept?

CONCERT RECITATION.

No ugly arches black! (*Points to finger-nails.*)
On our fingers will be seen,
For each morning bright and early
We our finger-nails will clean.

TEACHER. What must you do to your teeth?

CONCERT RECITATION.

Our teeth so white and pearly,
Are set all in a row
Each morning we must brush them
And keep them white as snow.

TEACHER. When do your teeth look nice?

CHO.

When clean. (*Close teeth; open lips to show teeth.*)

TEACHER. Some of our little folks are absent to-day. Can any one tell me where Rupert Hatch is?

DUKE. I think he's in bed, teacher.

TEACHER. Why do you think that, Duke?

DUKE. Coz I saw his shirt on the line, and I guess he's got to stay in bed till it dries.

TEACHER. Where were you yesterday, Viola?

VIOLA. It rained awful hard and I asked mother which I'd better do, go to school in the rain and get soaking wet and get cold and die or just get an absent mark against my name and my mother said she thought I'd better get the absent mark but I told her you'd be hopping mad.

(*Boy comes in late.*)

TEACHER. Aren't you ashamed to come in late, Cecil?

CECIL. Yessum, but I couldn't help it. I dreamed I lost my cap and it took me such a long time to find it that I had to be late.

TEACHER. Take your seat and look out not to have that kind of a dream again.

KATHRYN. Teacher, here's a note Sammie's mother told me to give you.

(*Hands* TEACHER *a note.*)

TEACHER (*reads note aloud*). "Samuel cannot come to school to-day as he has glued his head to the bureau and we have not been able to separate them yet." (*Another boy enters.*) Here's another boy late! Did you have a dream too?

VAN DYKE. No'm, I didn't have no dream. It was so plaguey slippery that every step I took frontward, I slipped back two.

TEACHER. I'm afraid you exaggerate that a little, Van Dyke. If that is so how did you ever get here at all?

VAN. I gave up trying to get here and started to go home so then I got here.

TEACHER. Rosie Callahan is absent, too. Did any one see her?

ALYCE. I saw her out behind her barn watching her father husk a hen. She said they were going to have company to dinner so they were going to have something to eat.

TEACHER. What do you mean by husking a hen, Alyce?

AL. Taking its feathers off, of course.

TEACHER. We call that picking a hen, Alyce. Where's Percy this morning?

EARL. I saw him when I was coming to school, and I asked him if he wasn't coming this morning and he said, "Nope, my ma said I could play so I ain't goin'."

TEACHER. Didn't you tell him he ought to be a good boy and come to school?

EARL. Yessum, I told him teacher'd lick him, and he said, "No she won't neither, 'cause my ma could lick teacher and she dassent lick me," and I said, "How do you know your ma could lick the teacher?" and he said, "Coz she can lick pa, and he's bigger than the teacher and ——"

TEACHER. We won't talk any more about him now. Who can tell me where Raymond is?

HAZEL. I seen him this morning, and he said there was something the matter with your temper, and he was going to give it absent treatment.

TEACHER. Lionel, why do you keep your cap on? Don't you know polite little boys always take their caps off in the house?

LIONEL. I—can't—take—it—off —— (*Cries.*)

TEACHER. What is the matter?

LION. I'd just like to know what stuff is in the bottle on your desk.

TEACHER. Which bottle? This one? (*Picks up bottle.*)

LION. Yessum.

TEACHER. That is glue, Lionel, but what has that to do with your cap?

LION. (*snuffling*). I—I—thought it was hair oil, and I put a lot of it on my hair and now my cap's all stuck on and I can't get it off.

TEACHER. Perhaps that will be a lesson for you to let other people's property alone. Come here and let me try to get your cap off. (TEACHER *tries to pull cap off but in vain, while boy makes up dreadful faces, howls, and jumps from one foot to the other.*) You may go and sit over by the stove, and perhaps the glue will melt so we can pull the cap off. My children seem very fond of glue to-day. (*Boy sits in one corner and finally has streams of glue running down his face. Keeps trying to remove cap and finally succeeds, when he dances and waves cap wildly. Asks if he may wash his face.* TEACHER *picks up pretzel from desk.*) Carl, you must have noticed that I didn't like the other pretzels you brought me, they were so covered with salt. Your father is a baker, isn't he, Carl?

CARL. Yes, ma'am.

TEACHER. And did you have him make this one with no salt on it on purpose for me? How very kind of him!

CARL. No, ma'am, he didn't make it no diff'rent, but I licked the salt all off so you'd like it better.

MARIANNE. Teacher, did you like the candy I gave you yesterday?

TEACHER. Yes, Marianne, it was very nice and I wish to thank you for it.

MAR. I wanted my cat to have it, and put it in his mouth twice, but he wouldn't eat it, so I thought I'd give it to my dear teacher.

(*Knock at door.* TEACHER *opens door.* *New pupil enters.*)

TEACHER. Good morning, little boy. Are you a new scholar?

JULIAN (*stuttering*). Y-y-y-yes, m'm'm'm'a'am.

TEACHER. What is your name?

JUL. J-J-J-J-Julian W-W-W-W-ard.

(*Stamps foot and makes faces in his endeavors to talk.*)

TEACHER. And do you stutter all the time, Julian?

JUL. N-n-n-no, m'm'ma'am, o-o-o-only w-w-when I t-t-t-talk.

TEACHER. Well, I'm glad that's all. You may take this seat, Julian. Now we will have our little morning talk before we begin our lessons. You know we said that to-day we were going to begin to do some little act of kindness each day. Have you done so this morning?

ETHELBERT. I did an act of kindness for Russell Jones this morning.

TEACHER. I am very glad to hear that. What did you do?

ETH. I licked him so bad he won't be able to come to school for a week. Gee, won't he have the fun!

TEACHER. I think Ethelbert will have to learn that little piece, "Let Dogs Delight to Bark and Bite," after school to-night.

GLADYS (*raises hand*). You asked me to stop in and see how old Miss Smith was.

TEACHER. Yes, that was thoughtful for you to remember it. She has been sick a long time.

GLAD. I asked her how old she was, and she looked real cross and said it was none of my business; and then I said you wanted to know, and she said to tell you that you'd better be in better business than prying round to find out how old people was, and I could tell you that you wasn't any spring chicken yourself.

TEACHER. I'm afraid you misunderstood me, Gladys. I meant how she was feeling, not how old she was. Children, what is magnanimity?

MAE. We don't know such a big word, teacher.

TEACHER. Well, what is it if a big boy wanted a stick of candy very much, and were to meet a small boy with one, in a place where nobody could take the small boy's part?

JAMES (*waves hand excitedly*). Dat would be a cinch.

TEACHER. What do you mean by that, James?

JAMES. A cinch? Dead easy. The big boy 'ud get the candy all right.

CARL (*raises hand*). Sam and Dan are pinching me.

TEACHER. Boys, stop teasing Carl. Carl, I think it would sound better if you said Samuel and Daniel, instead of Sam and Dan.

LION. Please may I sit with Jimuel?

TEACHER. With whom?

LION. With Jimuel. You said to call Sam Samuel and Dan Daniel, so I s'pose you want us to call Jim Jimuel, don't you?

GENEVIEVE. Hyacinth Myrtle doesn't use very correct language. She told me this morning that I was bug-house, and I told her it would sound much better if she said I was beetle-garage.

(*Boy dodges up, takes apple from desk and puts it in pocket; goes back to seat slyly.*)

HYACINTH. Teacher, Earl stole an apple off you.

TEACHER. Earl, come to me. Did you take an apple from my desk?

EARL. No'm, I ain't never seen no apple on your desk.

TEACHER. What is that bunch in your pocket? Take it out. (EARL *slowly takes out apple.*) Don't you know what we call it when you take something that doesn't belong to you —that dreadful word, what is it?

EARL. Swiping.

TEACHER. Now, Hyacinth was a good little girl. She saw that apple on my desk but she didn't take it. You wouldn't take an apple from my desk, would you, Hyacinth?

HY. No'm, I wouldn't, 'coz I knew I'd get caught if I did, and it's wrong to take anything if you get caught.

TEACHER. Perhaps if you didn't get caught your conscience would trouble you. Who can tell me what conscience is?

GWENDOLYN. Conscience is what you have after you've been eating cake and jam and things out of the pantry when your mother doesn't know it, and then you have to take castor oil, and that cures the conscience.

TEACHER. We're forgetting our acts of kindness. Did any of the little girls help their mamas this morning? I'm sure some of you could wash the dishes.

VI. We don't have to wash dishes at our house.

TEACHER. Why, how is that?

VI. My mother keeps a dog.

TEACHER. If you are to grow up to be good men and women, you must have moral courage. Now moral courage is what makes a boy or girl do right even if others do laugh and make fun.

DUKE. Then if a feller has chocolates, and eats them all himself, and ain't afraid of the other fellers calling him stingy,

he's got moral courage, ain't he? I've got lots of moral courage.

TEACHER. No, I'd hardly call that moral courage; but if you have the real moral courage and work hard, you can be almost anything you want to when you grow up. You might even be president.

CEC. Say, teacher, you don't have to be president, do you, if you'd rather be a baseball umpire?

TEACHER. Why would you rather be a baseball umpire than president, Cecil?

CEC. 'Coz what the baseball umpire says always goes.

TEACHER. Reginald, how old are you, now?

REG. I'm five.

TEACHER. Well, Reginald, what are you going to be? Are you going to be president, or what are you going to be?

REG. Please, teacher, I'm going to be six.

(JAMES *raises hand.*)

TEACHER. Well, what is it, James?

JAMES. Didn't you say if I was good I'd go to heaven?

TEACHER. Yes, that is what I told you.

JAMES. Well, pa said if I was good I'd go to the circus, and I'd just like to know who's lying, you or him.

TEACHER. I'm afraid you didn't just understand our meaning. I hope I am always truthful, and I trust all my little boys and girls are, for people always have confidence in truthful persons. (AL. *is pulling* MAE'S *hair.*) Alyce, are you listening to what I am saying? What is it we can always have confidence in, Alyce?

(AL. *stands, confused, twists her dress.*)

AL. Safety pins, ma'am.

TEACHER. What is a lie, children?

GLAD. A lie is a bumble-bee to the Lord but a very present help in time of trouble.

ETH. Julian Ward called me a liar this morning.

TEACHER. I'm sorry to hear Julian would say such a thing. (JUL. *shakes fist at* ETH.) What did you say, Ethelbert?

ETH. I remembered you told us that a soft answer would turn away wrath.

TEACHER. What a good little boy! I am glad one of my children remembers what is told. And so you gave him a soft answer, Ethelbert?

ETH. Yessum, I plugged him with rotten tomatoes; guess they were soft enough for him.

TEACHER. What *would* happen now if people were struck dead for lying, as they were in ancient times?

HAZ. (*waves hand wildly*). There wouldn't be anybody left to bury them.

(TEACHER *sees* VAN *whispering.*)

TEACHER. Van Dyke, what did I say I'd do to you if I saw you whispering again?

VAN. Why, teacher, that's funny that you should forget, too. I can't remember what it was.

TEACHER. I haven't forgotten—I said I should whip you if I saw you whispering again. You may remain after school for your whipping.

VAN (*crying, wipes nose on coat sleeve*). Teacher, will you do me one favor?

TEACHER. You may tell me what it is, and I will see about it.

VAN. After you've whipped me, please don't say it hurt you more than it did me, 'coz I can't bear to have my teacher tell lies.

TEACHER. Well, I'll try to hurt you more than myself. (*Song, "Shaking Hands," with motions.*) Now we will begin our reading lesson. Let us play we are going to take a walk in the fields and tell what we see there. All shut eyes. (*Children close eyes but keep peeking.*) Now, we're in a big, big field and what do we see, children?

CHO.

Ants, grasshoppers, birds, lambs, etc.

TEACHER. What did you see, Mae?

MAE. I saw a grasshopper.

TEACHER. Open your eyes, children, and I will write Mae's story on the board. (*Writes sentence.*) Hyacinth, you may read the story.

HY. (*reads slowly, pausing between each word*). I—saw —a—hopper grass.

TEACHER. You didn't get that last word in just the right order. It is grasshopper.

HY. Teacher, I've lost a front tooth and I guess the last word leaked out before its turn.

TEACHER. Now, all shut eyes again, and we'll play we're trying to catch the grasshopper.

(*All make ridiculous motions as if trying to catch grasshoppers.*)

KAT. I had hold of his hind leg but he got away from me.
JUL. I—I—I—c-c-caughto-o-one—— G-g-got h-h-h-h-im by t-t-t-he w-w-wing.
TEACHER. Tell me a nice story about it, Julian.
JUL. (*stamps foot, makes faces and jumps in his endeavors to tell story*). I—I—I—I—c-c-c-caught a g-gr-gr-grass-h-h-hopper. There, I—I—I've s's'said i-i-it.

(TEACHER *writes sentence on the board.*)

TEACHER. Gwendolyn, you may read the sentence.
GWEN. I captured a grasshopper.
TEACHER (*pointing to the word caught*). This word is caught.
GWEN. I prefer the word captured.
TEACHER. Let us sing our alphabet song.

SONG.

"*Sing a Song of Sixpence.*"

CHO.

Sing a song of letters
Twenty-six in all,
If hard we do study
Their names we can call.
When the letters are mastered
Then the words we will learn,
Perseverance in our work,
A sure reward will earn.

TEACHER. Who can tell me the sound the snake makes.
MAR. S-S. (*Makes s sound.*)

(TEACHER *writes S on board.*)

TEACHER. Did you ever hear a little mouse squeal when it got caught?

CHO.

I did. Yes, etc.

TEACHER. What did it say, children?

CHO. E-e-e —— (*Making it a squealing sound.*)

TEACHER. One little mouse must be caught and squeal for us. Who'll be the mouse? (*All hands eagerly raised.*) Earl, you may be the mouse. Who'll be the cat? (*All hands wildly waved.*) Well, Duke, you may be the cat. (DUKE *chases* EARL *around platform, finally captures him, when* EARL *squeals lustily and continues to squeal until stopped by* TEACHER. TEACHER *writes the letter E on the board.*) Class, tell me the mouse sound.

CLASS. E-E-E.

TEACHER. Who can tell me the sound the dove makes.

CLASS. D-D-D.

(*Making the D sound.*)

TEACHER (*writes S-E-E-D on board*). Who can read this word?

VI. Snake, mouse, mouse, dove.

(TEACHER *calls on some one else who gives it correctly. Write the word "rat" on board.*)

TEACHER. `Alyce, what is this word?

AL. (*very promptly*). Rat.

(TEACHER *writes the word "at."*)

TEACHER. What is this word, Alyce?

AL. (*hesitating*). It's some part of a rat, but I don't know what part.

(TEACHER *writes "Mary had a little lamb."*)

TEACHER. Julian, you may read the sentence.

JUL. M-M-Mary h-h-h-ad a l-l-little l-l-l-lamb.

(TEACHER *writes. "Did Mary have a little lamb?"*)

TEACHER. Genevieve, you may read the story.

GEN. (*slowly and laboriously*). Did—Mary—have—a—little—lamb—buttonhook?

TEACHER. Why do you say buttonhook, Genevieve?

GEN. (*triumphantly points to the question mark*). Coz there's the buttonhook.

(TEACHER *writes, "What a pretty lamb!"*)

TEACHER. Hyacinth, read.

HY. What—a—pretty—lamb—earring.

TEACHER. Where's the earring?

HY. (*points to exclamation point*). That's just the kind my grandmother wears.

(TEACHER *writes, "Its fleece is white as snow."*)

TEACHER. Read this, Kathryn.

(KATH. *reads it correctly.*)

CARL (*raises hand*). Teacher, aren't fleas black?

TEACHER. I believe so, Carl.

CARL. Well, you just said its fleas are white as snow and I never saw no white fleas.

TEACHER. Mae, spell rabbit.

MAE. R-a-b-i-t.

TEACHER. Do you spell rabbit with one B or two?

MAE. One, when it's bunny.

TEACHER. How do you spell bread, Lionel? I like bread and butter. How do you spell it?

LION. B-r-e-d.

TEACHER. My dictionary spells it with an A, Lionel.

LION. Please, teacher, you didn't ask me how your dictionary spelled it; you asked me how I spelled it.

TEACHER. Reginald is an idle little boy. I think Reginald had better recite the little piece about the busy bee.

REG. (*shuffles to his feet, looks around at other scholars and grins. Recites*).

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining minute,
A-hunting for a tender spot
Then runs his stinger in it.

(*Children all laugh.*)

TEACHER. Reginald, you may remain after school and I will improve a few shining minutes. (TEACHER *writes the*

word dozen.) Gladys, put this word in a sentence. Tell me what the word is first.

GLAD. Dozen. I dozen like school. (TEACHER *writes*, "*The pupil loves his teacher.*") Van Dyke, what is this sentence?

VAN (*reads in a disgusted manner*). The pupil loves his teacher. That's sarcasm, that's what it is.

TEACHER. If we mean one we say hen, if we mean more than one we say what, children?

CHO. Hens.

TEACHER. Marianne, spell hens.

MAR. (*sulkily*). 'Tain't no use. I can't never learn to spell. You keep changing words on me all the time. If you'd ask me the same word every day I could spell it.

TEACHER. We say one child, what do we say when there is more than one?

GEN. (*excitedly*). Twins. We've got some at our house.

TEACHER. Ethelbert, let me see how nicely you can write your name on the board. (ETH. *slowly writes name, working mouth as he does so. Begins near the bottom and writes uphill in large letters.*) Read it, Ethelbert.

ETH. Ethelbert Salmon, It.

TEACHER. Why do you write It after your name, Ethelbert?

ETH. Well, when my papa writes his name he always writes Jr. after it. I don't know what Jr. is for but I know I'm "it" all right, so I'm going to write it after my name so everybody will know I am.

TEACHER. What are you laughing at, James?

JAMES. I wasn't laughing. My complexion puckered, that's all.

TEACHER. Sometimes in place of using a person's long name, we use a short word that stands for it. In place of saying Mrs. Solomon Smith, I could say she; in place of Mr. Solomon Smith, I could say he. Now, who'll tell me what he, she and it stand for?

VI. (*waves hand*). Husband, wife and baby.

TEACHER (*shows cube*). What is this, children?

CHO. Cube.

TEACHER (*shows sphere*). And what is this?

CHO. Sphere.

TEACHER (*shows prism*). Now this is something you haven't had before. (*Explains the prism at some length.*)

Now do you all understand what a prism is? Cecil, you may put it in a sentence for me.

CEC. (*with alacrity*). Me brudder Chimmie is in prism for six months.

TEACHER. As it is rainy to-day we won't go out for recess, but will play Lame Fox and Chickens.

(*One child is chosen to be the lame fox and the others are all chickens. The chickens all go to one side of the stage, the fox to the other. At a signal from the* TEACHER, *the chickens run from their house to the fox's den while he, hopping on one foot, tries to tag them. The fox must not run; he can only hop and change from one foot to another. Bell rings.*)

EARL. Teacher, I saw something yesterday that I'll never, never, never see again.

TEACHER. What wonderful thing was it, Earl?

EARL. Yesterday.

(*Puts hand over mouth and giggles.*)

TEACHER. Are you eating an apple in school, Julian?

JUL. Y-y-yes m'm'ma'am.

TEACHER. You may come right out here and finish it before the whole school. (JUL. *finishes the one he is eating, also takes several from his pocket and eats, slyly offering them to the others.*) Now we'll have our number work.

(*Gives children colored splints and calls on several to count.*)

KATH. I can count up to five on my fingers (*proudly*), can't I, teacher?

TEACHER. Yes, Kathryn, but you mustn't boast. I know a little girl no older than you who can count up to fifty.

KATH. (*thinks a second*). Teacher, where does she get all the fingers?

TEACHER (*holds up three splints in each hand*). We might call them triplets. What are triplets?

GLAD. Oh, I know, its twins and one left over.

TEACHER. Suppose a man buys an automobile for ten hundred dollars. Count out ten splints, children. (*Children do so.*) He sells it for eleven hundred dollars. Count out eleven splints, children. Now tell me what he makes.

CEC. He makes a vow never to buy another one.

TEACHER (*with two half apples in hand*). Duke, supposing you had half an apple and I should give you another half, how much would you have then?

DUKE. A whole apple.

TEACHER. That's right. I think you are going to be a fine mathematician. Now if you had half a dollar and I should give you another half, what would you have?

DUKE (*loud and prompt*). A fit.

(TEACHER *writes "4x2" on board.*)

TEACHER. Hyacinth, what does this X stand for?

HY. I think it means "Excuse me."

TEACHER. Julian (*who is still eating apples*) haven't you finished that apple yet?

JUL. Y-y-y-yes m'm'm'ma'am.

TEACHER. How many have you eaten, Julian?

JUL. T-t-t-tw-twelve.

TEACHER. Have you any more?

JUL. Y-y-y-yes m'm'm'ma'am.

TEACHER (*sternly*). Take them out at once. (JUL. *takes out apple after apple from pockets, front of blouse, etc.*) Is that all now?

JUL. Y-y-yes m'm'ma'am. I—I—I d-d-did h-h-have some m'more, but I g-g-gave t-t-them to t-t-the o-o-other k-k-k-kids.

TEACHER. You may take your seat now. (*Song, "Sewing on a Button." Children should all have cloth and needle and act very clumsy.*) I asked you yesterday to bring a specimen for our Nature study. Did any of you think to bring anything?

REG. (*holds up an enormous cockroach*). I've brought something. It's a cockroach, and we've got lots more bigger'n this in our kitchen. I kin bring some every day.

TEACHER. I think, Reginald, you had better take that bug outdoors.

MAE. What business is Mr. Rice in, teacher?

TEACHER. I believe he's in the hardware business.

MAE. He sells cockroaches, doesn't he?

TEACHER. Of course not. What a question.

MAE. Well, mama read me the sign he has in his window when we were going by the other day and it said: "We sell everything to be found in the kitchen," and we can find lots of cockroaches in our kitchen too, bigger'n that one.

TEACHER. Who saw some little birds this morning?

LION. Oh, teacher, I saw a little bird what had a red-bosom shirt on.

TEACHER. Lionel must mean robin redbreast. Can you recite that pretty little piece about the robin, Lionel?

LION. (*swings from side to side and sing-songs*).

"The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then?
Poor thing!
He'll sit in a barn,
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing!"

TEACHER. Did any one else see some birds?

AL. I saw a swallow.

TEACHER. And where is the home of the swallow, Alyce?

AL. The home of the swallow is in the stomach.

TEACHER. Why do you say the home of the swallow is in the stomach, Alyce?

AL. Coz when I put anything in my mouth I chew it (*chews*), and then I swallow it, and the swallow goes right to its home in the stomach.

VAN. I saw a whole lot of English sparrows this morning.

TEACHER. I must tell you a little story about the English sparrows. The worms had become so thick that they were destroying all the farmers' crops, so these English sparrows were brought here to destroy the worms; but the sparrows are driving away our native birds, and some people are afraid we shall have no birds left except these sparrows. Now, Van Dyke, which do you think is worse—to have worms or sparrows?

VAN (*hesitates*). I've had worms but I've never had sparrows so I don't know which is worse, but worms is bad enough.

TEACHER. What kind of a bird did Noah send out of the ark, children?

HAZ. (*the only one who raises hand*). A dove.

TEACHER. I'm surprised to find that the smallest child in the class is the only one that knows.

GEN. (*excitedly raises hand*). She oughter know, teacher, coz her father keeps a bird store.

(*Shakes her head for "yes" at* HAZ.)

TEACHER. What bird gives us eggs to eat?

CHO. Hens.

TEACHER. Yes, your mother couldn't get eggs without hens, could she, Carl?

CARL. 'Course she could. We keep ducks.

TEACHER. What else did any one see on the way to school?

MAR. I saw some cows with gold thimbles on their horns. Do cows sew with their horns, teacher?

TEACHER. No, Marianne, those weren't thimbles. Gwendolyn, what are you reading?

GWEN. (*very precise*). I am reading a book entitled, "The Education of the Child," to ascertain if I am being brought up correctly.

JAMES. Where does the cow get its milk, teacher?

TEACHER. Where do you get your tears, James?

JAMES (*after a slight pause*). Do the cows have to be spanked?

VI. I saw some sea-cows at the circus. Are they the kind that give watered milk?

TEACHER. Alyce, recite that beautiful poem, "Thank You, Pretty Cow."

AL. (*with the aid of much prompting, recites*).

"Thank you, pretty cow that made,
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day and every night
Warm and sweet and fresh and white.

"Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank;
But the yellow cowslips eat,
They will make it very sweet.

"Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the purple violet grows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine."

MAE (*holding up a very large corkscrew*). I found this on my way to school, teacher.

TEACHER. Do you know what it is, Mae?

MAE. Yessum, I think it is a nail that has spinal trouble awfully.

ETH. I saw a tail without any body running across the street yesterday.

TEACHER. A tail without any body! Oh, you mean a snake.

KATH. My mama read me a story about some kind of a snake that has lots and lots of legs.

TEACHER. You mean a centipede, I think.

KATH. Yes, that's what she called the thing and I told her I was awful glad I wasn't one coz it would be horrid to have to put on so many stockings and button up so many shoes every morning.

JUL. I s-s-saw a l-l-lots of d-d-dogs.

TEACHER. Can you tell me what *kind* they were?

JUL. T-t-they w-w-weren't k-k-k-kind at a-a-ll. T-t-they c-c-chased m-m-me and t-t-tried to b-b-bite me, b-b-but I c-c-climbed up a t-t-t-tree and threw s-s-stones at them and d-d-d-drove them a-w-w-way.

TEACHER. I hope you are all kind to the dumb animals. I have seen children who would tie cans to dogs and pull poor pussy's tail.

HAZ. I never pull my pussy's tail.

TEACHER. I am glad to hear that.

HAZ. No'm, I never pull her tail. I just hold it tight and she pulls away and pulls her tail herself.

REG. I wouldn't hurt my cat either but last night pa said there wasn't room anywhere in our flat to swing a cat round by its tail but there was coz I tried it to see and I swung our old cat round in *every* room by its tail, but I wouldn't hurt a cat fur ennything.

TEACHER. I think Hazel and Reginald had better stand out here and recite "I Love Little Pussy."

(HAZ. *and* REG. *come out slowly.* HAZ. *with finger in mouth,* REG. *pretending not to care, but looking ashamed.* HAZ. *begins "I love," then, finding* REG. *hasn't started, claps hand over mouth.* REG. *then starts alone and stops. After several trials they get started, one saying it very quickly the other slowly.*)

I love little pussy,
Her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her,
She'll do me no harm.

So I'll not pull her tail,
Nor drive her away,
But pussy and I
Very gently will play.

She will sit by my side
And I'll give her some food,
And she'll love me because
I am gentle and good.

TEACHER. I hope Hazel and Reginald will remember to practice that kindness.

GLAD. I went to walk the other day and saw a lot of gum trees and I'm going there to pick a lot of gum drops off them some day.

TEACHER. It is time for us to have our lunch. Hyacinth and Marianne may set the table to-day. (*Song, "Laying the Breakfast Table." The two who are setting the table may sing, or all if desired. A small table will do as it is not necessary they should sit around it.*) Let us not forget our table manners. How should we sit at the table?

SCHOOL. Still.

(*All sit up very straight and still.*)

TEACHER. Where should your arms not be?

SCHOOL. On the table.

(*One boy reaches over and places both arms on table.*)

TEACHER. When you have finished eating, where should your hands rest?

SCHOOL. Quietly in the lap.

CEC. You're going too fast, teacher, we ain't got it eat yet.

(*All eating. One child has a mug and spoon and is stirring with left hand.*)

TEACHER. Genevieve, you are stirring with your left hand. You should always stir things with your right hand.

GEN. Please, teacher, I'd rather stir with my spoon than my hand, 'coz this is hot.

TEACHER. We must not be selfish, but must always give the best part to others. Earl, did you give the best part of your apple to your little brother?

EARL (*promptly*). Yessum, I did. I gave him the seeds so he can plant 'em and have a whole orchard full of apples.

TEACHER. I'm afraid you are a little selfish, Earl. Now, I am sure Gwendolyn will divide her apple in the Christian way.

GWEN. Please inform me what you mean by the Christian way.

TEACHER. It means you must cut the apple in two parts and give the larger and better part to Gladys.

GWEN. I will be very unselfish. I will give the apple to Gladys and let her divide it in the Christian way.

TEACHER. I see one unselfish child here. Duke had two apples and he has given the large one to Van Dyke and kept the small one for himself.

DUKE. The big one was wormy and rotten, that's why I gave it to him. Mine's a dandy.

VAN (*raises hand*). I had some soda water yesterday.

TEACHER. Did you like it?

VAN. No, it tastes like your foot's asleep.

(VI. *is busy peeling orange.*)

TEACHER. I hope Viola will give Alyce the lion's share of her orange.

VI. Yes, teacher, I will.

(*Eats it all herself while* AL. *watches hungrily.* JAMES *has peeled apple, carefully eaten the apple, then the peelings.*)

TEACHER. Your mother wanted you to peel your apple always before you ate it, didn't she, James?

JAMES. Yessum.

TEACHER. Did you think to do so?

JAMES. Yessum.

TEACHER. Where are the peelings, what did you do with them?

JAMES. Ate 'em.

(TEACHER *sees* AL. *crying.*)

TEACHER. What is the trouble, Alyce?

AL. (*sobbing*). Vilola didn't give me any of her orange.

TEACHER. Viola, I thought you were going to give Alyce the lion's share of your orange.

VI. Well, that's just what I did. Lions don't eat oranges.

LION. (*eating banana*). If I was twins would my mother give me two bananas?

TEACHER. I presume she would, Lionel.

LION. Well, don't you think she's pretty mean to cheat me out of that other banana just because I'm all in one piece?

HY. (*raises hand*). My mother told me to go over to the minister's yesterday morning and ask him to have supper with us and have it over with, so I knocked at the door and when he come I said, "My mama wants you to come over to our house to-night to supper and have it over with," and he just laughed and said I could go home and tell my mother it was all over with, and when I told her she just spanked me and put me to bed and I didn't know why.

TEACHER. Ethelbert, what are you crying for now?

ETH. 'Cause I lost a penny.

TEACHER. But I gave you another one for it, didn't I?

ETH. Yes, but if I hadn't lost the first one, I'd have two now.

TEACHER. When cake is passed to you a second time you must say, "No, thank you, I've had plenty." Now don't forget it. Gwendolyn, pass the cake to Carl to see if he remembers what to say.

(GWEN. *passes plate of cake.*)

CARL. Nope, thanks, I've had enough and don't you forgit it.

(*Grabs piece of cake.*)

REG. Teacher, how did you feel when you were in the oven?

TEACHER. In the oven? I never was in the oven.

REG. When you called at our house the other day, my mother said she thought you were about half-baked.

(*Boy slyly draws hideous picture on board and prints beside it, "Techer, this is yu." Song, "Clearing the Table."* TEACHER *discovers picture on board.*)

TEACHER. Cecil, did you draw this?

CEC. Naw, I kin draw a good deal worser picture than that.

TEACHER. You remember we talked the other day about a holiday you all like.

CHO. Fourth of July.

TEACHER. Why do we celebrate on that day?

EARL. Coz our pas are out playing ball or smashing some record, and don't have time to watch us kids.

TEACHER. When was the first Fourth of July celebrated?

DUKE. The first Fourth of July they ever had was when some feller said give me libberty or give me deth, so sumbuddy handed him a toy pistol and he got what he wanted and it wasn't libberty neither.

TEACHER. How does celebrating the Fourth help our country?

VAN. After people commenced to celebrate the Fourth of July it commenct to pay to make wooden legs, false teeth and glass eyes and large facktries sprung up all over our dear country.

TEACHER. Which do you like better, Marianne, Fourth of July or Christmas?

MAR. I like the Fourth better, becoz you don't have to wait so long for daylight, and there's no school the next Monday.

JAMES. My father says when he was a boy all they did the Fourth of July was to go somewhere and hear a man read some long piece about signing somethin'. I don't see why he wants to be a boy agin.

TEACHER. Why do we have Fourth of July in the summer?

VI. If we had it in the winter the fire engines might get stuck in the snow.

LION. Once a family what came from England lived next to us, and they thought it was awful silly to have Fourth of July, and once when some of my fireworks lit on their roof and burned a big hole in it, they were hoppin' mad and it cost my father a lot of money to make peace with them.

TEACHER. Who can tell me the meaning of the word "peace."

AL. Peace means when you ain't got no children.

TEACHER. How is that?

AL. When my mother has washed and dressed us six chil-

dren for school in the morning, and gets us all started off, she says: "Now, I'll have peace for awhile."

TEACHER. Who can tell me who our first president was? (JUL. *waves hand wildly. No other hands raised.*) There, you ought all to be ashamed of yourselves. All these other boys and girls have been coming to school for months, and here's little Julian, who just came this morning, knows more than the rest of you. Just look at him holding up his hand while the rest of you hang your heads. Julian, you are a smart boy and your teacher is proud of you. Now speak up good and loud and tell us who our first president was. Speak up loud and tell the others.

JUL. P-p-please m-m-may I g-g-go out?

TEACHER. Don't you know who the first president was?

JUL. N-n-no m'm'ma'am. P-p-p-lease c-can I g-g-go out?

TEACHER. His name was George Washington, and he was a very wise man.

ETH. My father says why he was called wise was becoz he knew enough not to go out riding Fourth of July and get all smashed up with fireworks.

CARL. I know a boy that got his hand blown off by a firecracker 'coz he thought it was out, and he went to pick it up, and it wasn't out, but it didn't make no difference, 'cause his father's a doctor and it didn't cost them anything.

REG. I don't like Fourth of July 'cause you have to wait till dark 'fore you can shoot off your fireworks and then your pa and ma want to do them all.

(*Song, "The Ostrich."*)

MAE. Teacher, have you any wax?

TEACHER. No, I think not, why do you wish for wax?

MAE. I just thought if I could get some wax, I'd waxinate my little sister so I could bring her to school with me to-morrow.

TEACHER. We will study geography a little. That tells us about the great round earth.

CEC. My brother says jography is his favorite study.

TEACHER. That's nice. Perhaps it will be yours, too. Why does your brother like it so well?

CEC. 'Cause the jography book is so big he says that when you've got it in front of you the teacher can't see you and you can eat candy and make up faces and have a bully time. I guess I'll like jography all right.

EARL. I like Latin best.

TEACHER. But you don't study Latin. You won't study that for a long, long time.

EARL. That's why I like it best.

(TEACHER *draws circle on board.*)

TEACHER. This represents the earth. (*Draws line through centre.*) This imaginary line through the centre we call the equator. Who can tell me what the equator is?

KATH. A crater is a menagerie lion running around the middle of the earth.

TEACHER. I didn't quite understand. Please repeat. (KATH. *says the same again.* TEACHER *draws line for axis.*) This we call the axis of the earth. The earth turns on its axis once in twenty-four hours, giving us day and night. It goes around the sun once in three hundred and sixty-five days. What do we call this line?

HAZ. The axle.

TEACHER. Sometimes when we get up in the morning we find the grass all wet and we know it hasn't been raining. What is it that makes the grass wet?

HAZ. The dew.

TEACHER. That's right, Hazel, now can you tell me what makes the dew?

HAZ. The earth turns on its own axle three thousand and sixty-five times every day, and it whizzes so fast through the air that it makes its sides sweat and the sweat is called dew.

TEACHER. What shape did I say the earth was, Duke?

DUKE. Round.

TEACHER. Now, Duke, your father was a sailor. Would it be possible for him to start now, to-day, sail around the world and get back to this same spot?

DUKE. No'm, he couldn't start to-day 'cause he's in jail for six months.

GLAD. Are sailors very small men, teacher?

TEACHER. No, some very large men are sailors. Why do you ask?

GLAD. My mama read a story to me the other day about a sailor, and it said he went to sleep in his watch. I should think he must be pretty small if he could get into his watch and sleep.

GEN. Teacher, what makes it rain more in the night than in the day?

TEACHER. Two clouds coming together cause the moisture to descend in the shape of rain and ——

GEN. Oh, now, I see why there's more rain in the night. The clouds can't see where they are going in the dark, and bump into each other, and then they leak and let the rain run out of them.

TEACHER. Here is a picture of a lot of water. What do we call it?

SCHOOL. Waterfall—Niagara—etc.

GWEN. Doesn't the Lord ever turn off the faucet?

TEACHER. Who ever noticed the place where the earth and sky seem to come together?

SCHOOL. I have—I—yes, I have—etc.

TEACHER. We call that the horizon. Who can tell me what the horizon is for?

VAN. I guess it must be to keep the sea from slopping over into the sky.

TEACHER. You were going to draw some maps at home and bring them to show me. How many did so?

(*Several show scrawls on dirty pieces of paper.* JAMES *shows a very good one.*)

TEACHER. Who helped you draw this, James?

JAMES. Nobody, teacher, nobody helped me.

TEACHER. Come now, James, tell me the truth. I don't believe you did this all yourself. Didn't your brother help you?

JAMES. No, ma'am, he didn't *help* me. He did it all.

TEACHER (*draws isthmus*). This narrow strip of land which joins two larger bodies of land is called an isthmus. Who can tell me what the Isthmus of Panama connects?

LION. Pa says the Isthmus of Panama is a narrow strip of land connecting Central America with the United States Treasury.

TEACHER (*draws mountain*). What is this, children?

SCHOOL. Ant-hill, ash-heap, toboggan slide, etc.

TEACHER. No, this is a mountain. Define a mountain, Gladys.

GLAD. A mountain is land extending up into the air.

TEACHER. In some parts of the earth there are mountains called volcanoes. Viola, can you tell me what a volcano is?

VI. Yessum. A volcano is a mountain what spits up saliva and drowns folks.

TEACHER. I want to teach you the different directions or points of the compass as they are called. North is in front of you. All point north. (*Children do so.*) South is behind you. All point south. East is at your right hand. (*Some point to right, others to left.*) West is at your left hand. Class, point to the west. Now Ethelbert, you come out here and see if you know them. Point north. (ETH. *does so.*) South. (ETH. *hesitates, then points to east.*) Point south; don't you know what is behind you? (ETH. *begins to cry.*) What is behind you? Tell me at once.

ETH. (*crying*). I knew it, I knew it, I told ma you'd see that patch in the seat of my pants. There's a patch in my pants behind, that's what's behind if I've got to tell the whole school.

TEACHER. Now, we will have our Behavior Game.

(*The different stanzas are assigned to different ones. Time should be allowed between each stanza to have quiet restored.*)

BEHAVIOR GAME.

Song, "Oh, have you seen the Muffin-man?"

This is our little behavior game,
Behavior game, behavior game;
This is our little behavior game
To show how polite we should be.

(*One child stands in centre of platform; another comes along and goes behind him.*)

In front of any we ought not to go,
Ought not to go, ought not to go;
In front of any we ought not to go,
For that is a rude thing to do.

(*One stands in centre of platform. Another comes along and passes in front.*)

But sometimes we find that we must do so,
We must do so, we must do so;
But sometimes we find that we must do so,
Then "Excuse me" forget not to say.

(*Two walk across platform.*)

Look at the way we walk along,
We walk along, we walk along;
Look at the way we walk along,
How quietly we do go.

(*Two stand facing each other at opposite sides of platform. Walk toward each other and bow as they meet.*)

Just bow to each other as you walk by,
As you walk by, as you walk by;
Just bow to each other as you walk by,
As all polite folks should do.

(*Boy and girl at opposite sides of platform. They walk toward each other, the boy raising his hat as they meet.*)

Careful are we to raise our hats,
To raise our hats, to raise our hats;
Careful are we to raise our hats,
When the ladies we do meet.

(*Girl seated. Boy enters quietly, takes off cap, shakes hands with girl.*)

Softly always we open the door,
Open the door, open the door;
Softly always we open the door,
Quietly enter the room.

(*Two girls and a boy seated in front of platform. Girl enters. Boys rises, offers girl seat, girl bows.*)

When seats are all taken, we offer our own,
Offer our own, offer our own;
When seats are all taken we offer our own
As gentlemen always should do.

(*A girl walks across platform. Drops handkerchief. Boy picks up and hands to her.*)

We haste to pick up a thing that is dropped,
A thing that is dropped, a thing that is dropped;
We haste to pick up a thing that is dropped,
Our kindness for others to show.

(*Two in front. One gives other an apple.*)

If anything ever is given to us,
Given to us, given to us;
If anything ever is given to us,
I thank you, we'll quickly say.

(*Two in front. One has something. Other reaches out hand for it.*)

If there's something we very much want,
Very much want, very much want;
If there's something we very much want,
Then "Please" we first will say.

(*Exaggerate every motion, making it as ridiculous as possible.*)

TEACHER. We all have a beautiful body given to us. We have eyes to ——

SCHOOL. See.

TEACHER. We have ears to ——

SCHOOL. Hear.

TEACHER. We have a nose to ——

SCHOOL. Wipe.

TEACHER. Why is our nose in the middle of our face.

AL. 'Cause it's the (*snuffs*) scenter.

TEACHER. We have a tongue to what, Mae?

MAE. To talk with.

TEACHER. You may put out your tongue, Mae. (MAE *puts out just the tip of tongue.*) No, no, put it right out, all out.

MAE. Please, teacher, I can't, it's fastened onto me.

TEACHER. What are your teeth for?

SCHOOL. To bite with.

TEACHER. What care should we take of our teeth?

JUL. W-w-we s-s-should n-n-never p-p-pick them w-w-with a p-p-pin or s-s-scrape them w-w-with a n-n-nail.

CARL. I've got the toothache and I'm going to have it yanked out after school and I'm going to take the mean, old thing home and stuff it full of sugar and watch it ache and just make fun of it.

TEACHER. What are our feet for? What force moves us along?

REG. The police force.

TEACHER. Each one of you has a soul. Did you know that you had a soul, Kathryn?

KATH. (*putting hand over heart*). 'Course I did. I can hear it tick.

TEACHER. All over our bodies are little openings, called pores. What do you think those can be for?

HAZ. They are the things we catch cold with.

TEACHER. What do we use our lungs for?

SCHOOL. To breathe with.

HY. Teacher, can people leave parts of themselves in different places?

TEACHER. No, indeed, Hyacinth.

HY. Well, I heard some say Mr. Brown was going to Colorado for his lungs, so I thought perhaps he'd left them there some time and was going after them.

TEACHER. This wonderful body of ours can adapt itself to so many changed conditions.

CEC. You bet it can. Why, my uncle gained a hundred pounds in just a little while, got fat as a pig and his skin didn't crack a bit either.

TEACHER. How many bones in the human body?

GWEN. There used to be two hundred and eight. Now there are two hundred and eight and the appendix.

TEACHER. What is the use of the appendix?

GEN. The principal use of the appendix is so doctors and surgeons can make heaps of money cutting it out.

EARL. Railroad men don't usually have any where near two hundred and eight bones 'cause they've lost so many arms and feet.

DUKE. I've got more bones than that 'coz we had herring for supper last night and I swallowed a lot of bones.

TEACHER. What is a skeleton, Marianne?

MAR. A skeleton is a man without any meat on him.

VI. Teacher, I've got two headaches.

TEACHER. Two headaches! How can that be?

VI. Well, I've got a headache over each eye.

TEACHER. What is the backbone, Alyce?

AL. The backbone is something that holds up the head and ribs and keeps us from having legs clear to our neck.

TEACHER. Our bodies are full of little nerves. What are they for, Van Dyke?

VAN. To carry messages to your brain. If you put your finger on a hot stove, the nerves of your arm get busy and send the telegram to your brain and your brain says, "Take your fingers off that stove quick."

JAMES. The other day I had my fingers in some jam in the pantry, and my nerves sent a message to my brain that my mother was coming and I'd better get my fingers out quick, but I didn't move quick enough, and ma caught me, so the nerves running from my spine to my brain had to work overtime for a while.

TEACHER. When we get old our brain will not work as well as it does now. We are apt to forget things.

MAE. My grandfather is old and his doesn't work very well now. He walks around, thinking about nothing, and when he remembers it, then he forgets that what he thought of was something different from what he wanted to remember.

KATH. (*hand raised*). Our Sunday-school teacher was talking about false doctrine last week and I'd just like to know what she meant.

TEACHER. Can any one tell Kathryn what false doctrine is?

LION. It's when the doctor gives you stuff for scarlet fever when you've just got the stomachache from eating green apples.

TEACHER. Did any of you ever see a kangaroo?

ETH. I did. I saw one at the circus and it had a great big bag in its stomach.

TEACHER. We call it a pouch. Do you know what it is for, Ethelbert?

ETH. Yessum, when it is chased it can crawl into it and hide itself.

HAZ. (*raises hand*). Please tell me what part of an animal a chop is.

TEACHER. Who'll tell Hazel what part of an animal a chop is?

GLAD. It's the jawbone.

TEACHER. Why do you think that?

GLAD. Didn't you ever hear of an animal licking its chops?

TEACHER (*to boy who is making another eat something*). What are you doing, Carl?

CARL. I'm making Julian eat a yeast cake.

TEACHER. Why on earth are you making him eat a yeast cake?

CARL. He swallowed my ten cent piece and I'm feeding him a yeast cake to try to raise the dough.

TEACHER. "Early to bed and early to rise" is a good rule

for little folks to follow. You should all go to bed with the sun like the chickens.

HY. But the old hen goes to bed *with* the chickens.

TEACHER. You should not go to bed on an empty stomach for you can't sleep well.

REG. Mamma sent me to bed without my supper the other night, and I told her I couldn't sleep on an empty stomach.

TEACHER. Did she give you some supper then?

REG. Nope, she told me to turn over on my back and sleep on that, if I couldn't sleep on my empty stomach.

TEACHER. I'm afraid you were a naughty boy. If you were to turn and look yourself squarely in the face, what do you think you'd really need most?

REG. I should think I'd need a rubber-neck.

TEACHER. What happens to our bodies if we do not keep them clean?

JUL. I g-g-g-get a l-l-l-licking.

TEACHER. What is an organ of the body?

MAR. An organ is a piano of the body what has some work to do.

TEACHER. We have talked a long time about our bodies. Now, I want some one to tell me just what is in them, no matter about other little boys and girls, just tell what is in you. Cecil, you may tell me.

CEC. I ain't going to tell what any other boy has inside of him, 'cause I ain't no tell-tale, but I'll tell you what I've got inside of me if you won't blow to my mother. I've got inside of me a hart, liver, lights and a stomick, and the stomick's got inside of it two doughnuts, one mince pie, half a cake, seven tarts, six cornballs, some candy and a whole lot of jam. I think that's all that is inside of me.

TEACHER. That finishes our lessons for to-day, and as we have a few minutes more before time to go home, perhaps some of you would like to recite some of your memory gems.

EARL. I know a nice piece, teacher.

TEACHER. That's good. Come right out here and speak it.

(EARL *winks slyly to other boys.*)

EARL.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of dust,
Make my mean old teacher
Cross enough to bust.

And my little mischiefs
Harmless though they be
Make her very angry
Hopping mad gets she
So our ——

TEACHER. I think that is quite enough of such classical poetry. You may take your seat, Earl.

DUKE. I can sing a song, teacher. I can sing "The Careless Boy."

(*Sings, putting in motions.*)

GEN. I know a piece, teacher.

(*Speaks, lisping.*)

"You'd scarce expect one of my age,
To speak in public on the stage
And make a bow, and shout and squall,
Like one who wears a waterfall.
You know I'm very small and young,
And cannot talk with oily tongue,
Indeed, I now am frightened so,
I'd like to make my bow and go.
But while I'm here I'll say to you,
That I do know a thing or two.
I've learned to read and write and spell
And wash the dishes, too, quite well.
I always mind my p's and q's
And wear substantial leather shoes.
And now, dear friends, I've said my say,
So now I'll bow and go away."

(*Quick jerk of head for bow.*)

VAN. I know an awful long, hard piece. It's awful hard, but I can say it all. My mother says I have a wonderful memory.

TEACHER. We'll be glad to hear that wonderful piece.

VAN. (*starts off boldly and confidently*).
When Greece her knees—(*hesitates and starts again*),
When Greece her knees—(*longer pause*),
When Greece her knees—(*thinks deeply*),
When Greece her knees ——

TEACHER. I'm afraid, Van Dyke, you'll have to grease her knees some more before she'll go.

JUL. I—c-c-can s-s-speak a—p-p-piece.

(*Speaks, "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star."*)

TEACHER. Won't you speak the little piece about the doll, Gwendolyn? (GWEN., *with doll in arms, recites, "I Once Had a Dear Little Doll," by Chas. Kingsley.*) One more song, then you may be dismissed. (*Song, "Little Mowers."*) Good-bye, children.

SCHOOL. Good-bye, teacher.

(*Children pass out to get wraps, some return to have coats held or buttoned, rubbers put on, etc.*)

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Five males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening. A strong and human piece full of humorous character drawing and sympathetic interest. The cast is very even in opportunity, and all the parts are good. A great play for a good club, and a sure winner. Strongly recommended. Free for amateur performance.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

EZRA BROMLEY, *storekeeper.*
ALMIRA BROMLEY, *housewife.*
MARTIN JASPER BROMLEY, *college man.*
LIZA LIZ HANKINS, *brat.*
JUDGE JOTHAM MARLEY, *Christian.*
MELISSY WATKINS, *elderly maiden.*
JONAS JARROCK, *farmer.*
BELINDY JARROCK, *seamstress.*
HIRAM CURTIS PECK, *seller.*
APRIL BLOSSOM, *help.*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Sitting-room behind Ezra Bromley's store. Morning.
ACT II.—The same. Some days later.
ACT III.—At the Jarrocks'. Some weeks later.
ACT IV.—At the Bromleys'. Later in the evening.

FOOLING FATHER

A Comedy in One Act

By R. M. Robinson

Three males. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays thirty minutes. A clever little play easily done and very effective. The boys arrange a little burglary just to show the old gentleman what heroes they are, but somehow things do not turn out right for the hero part. Can be recommended. *Price, 15 cents*

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A Farce in One Act

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Three males, two females. Costumes, modern; scene, an easy interior. Plays thirty minutes. A bright and vivacious little farce for two young couples and a comic station agent, very easy and effective. All the parts are first rate, and that of the station agent is a corker. Can be strongly recommended. *Price, 15 cents*

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CHARACTERS

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WALTER BLAIR, *his son-in-law.* (Comedy Lead.)
OSCAR SIEBEL, *a composer.* (German.)
LLOYD DEVEAUX, *a chronic invalid.* (Character Old Man.)
JOHN STANTON, *a detective.* (Comedy.)
MALLORY, *a reporter.* (Comedy.)
FORD, *an expressman.* (Utility.)
GILDA DEVEAUX, *wife of Deveaux.* (Lead.)
MRS. CHANDLER, *wife of Roswell.* (Old Lady.)
BEATTIE BLAIR, *wife of Walter.* (Straight.)
JULIA, *a French maid.* (French.)

THE PACKING OF THE HOME MISSIONARY BARREL

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By Mrs. Henry A. Hallock

Ten females. Costumes, modern; scenery unimportant. Plays thirty minutes. One of those little satires of feminine ways that are so popular even with the ladies; very shrewd and effective, but perfectly good-natured. An assured success and very easy to get up. Strongly recommended.

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THE BARGAIN COUNTER

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Price, 15 cents

ENGAGED BY WEDNESDAY

A Farce in Three Acts

By Grace Arlington Owen

Five males, eleven females. Costumes, modern; scenery of little importance. Plays an hour and a half. Arthur Watson and Lucile Persons, long destined for one another by their respective mammas, are suddenly told, after a separation of seven years, that they are to get engaged at once. Neither likes the idea, and being personally unknown to one another, each persuades three friends to masquerade under their names for a day. The result is bewilderingly funny. Very easy, funny and effective. Strongly recommended for schools.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

MARTIN HENRY, *the laziest man in the county.*
ARTHUR WATSON.
JACK, TED, DICK, } *friends of Arthur's.*
MISS ABIGAIL PERSONS, *a woman of ideas.*
MRS. WATSON, *a gentle person.*
LUCILE PERSONS.
MARIE, JANE, MABEL, } *friends of Lucile.*
MARY, *Martin Henry's aunt; cook at the Persons'.*
FIRST GIRL.
SECOND GIRL.
FIRST GYPSY.
SECOND GYPSY.

THE TEMPLETON TEAPOT

A Farce in One Act

By Grace Cooke Strong

Four males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, an interior. Plays thirty minutes. The Templeton Teapot, a priceless antique, gets tangled up with a modern love-affair and has some strange adventures in consequence, getting the hero arrested as a burglar and every one else sadly mixed up. Bright, brisk and entertaining. Recommended for schools.

Price, 15 cents

THE TURN IN THE ROAD

A Comedy in Two Acts

By Gladys Ruth Bridgham

Fourteen males. Costumes, modern; scenery, a single interior. Plays half an hour. Hiram Skinner's cow gets mixed up with some Colton University students and, besides causing more or less fun and excitement, brings it about that the most insignificant "grind" in college is about the best man there. Sympathetic and interesting. A good high school play.

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Ten males, eleven females. No scenery or curtain needed; costumes introduce grown people dressed as children. Plays an hour and a half. A modern, up-to-date version of the popular "District School," full of laughs and a sure hit with the audience. All the parts very easy except the Teacher's, and as it is possible for her to use a book, the entertainment can be got up with exceptional ease and quickness. Can be recommended.

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Thirteen females. Costumes modern; scene, an easy interior, the same for both acts. Plays an hour. A clever and original play, suited for school or college performance. Full of incident and offers a great variety of character and great opportunity for pretty dressing. Irish and negro comedy parts. *Price, 25 cents*

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A Comedy in One Act

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Six females. Costumes, modern; scene, an easy interior. Plays twenty-five minutes. A bright little boarding-school sketch, at once amusing and sympathetic; tone high and quality good. Confidently recommended to young ladies as an effective piece easy to get up.

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SWEET LAVENDER Comedy in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Scene, a single interior, costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE THUNDERBOLT Comedy in Four Acts. Ten males, nine females. Scenery, three interiors; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE TIMES Comedy in Four Acts. Six males, seven females. Scene. a single interior; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE WEAKER SEX Comedy in Three Acts. Eight males, eight females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening.

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